

The God of Battle.

MARS is the only one of the earth's planetary comrades visible to the naked eye during the evenings of September. He sets early and enters the constellation Scorpio near the end of the month. There he will come into competition with his stellar rival in redness, Antares.

Flattery Is Worth While if Used as a Guide Post to All One Ought to Be



Magazine Page



This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the great naval victory won by Commodore McDonough, on Lake Champlain, over the British fleet under Commodore Donnie, in 1814. All the English ships were captured and an army which attempted to take Plattsburg retreated in haste. This battle occurred a year and a day after Perry's victory.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY
"Who Goes There?" The Words Were Spoken in Magyar by Gypsy on Guard at the Castle.

"Who goes there?" the words were spoken in Magyar, and, receiving no response, were presently repeated in German.

"I am guest of Herr Valenski," I responded. "I slept ill and wish to take a walk."

"It is against the rules," came the surly response. "No one is permitted without the gates without permission. You will have the goodness to return."

"I drew a gold coin from my pocket and proffered it to my almost invisible antagonist. 'Herr Valenski sleeps,' I said. 'I cannot ask his permission. He would, of course, refuse it. Will you not allow me to pass?'"

"But it was in vain. The gypsy muttered a hoarse refusal. At the same time a great shaggy hound loomed out of the mist by the side of the man and growled threateningly at me. There was nothing for it but to go back.

"I returned to the castle, the man and dog following me to the door. They waited till I was safely inside and then they withdrew. I closed the door behind me and fell helplessly upon my knees, my hands still clutching the antique latch which had fallen back into its place mechanically.

"I was a prisoner, and it seemed as if my fate were sealed.

"I examined the entrance hall. On either side were the doors of the two large rooms with which I was already acquainted. At the further end a few steps led down beneath an arch to a passage branching off to right and left. I must explore one or the other of these, perhaps both. A few steps to the right led me to the front of a time-worn staircase, a way which hardly promised escape. I therefore, retraced my steps and took the passage to the left.

"I passed the doors of many dimly lit rooms, kitchens evidently in the olden times, but now fallen into absolute ruin. I noticed a stove in one of them and gathered that it was there that our dinner had been prepared, but there was no sign of Paul or of any other servant.

"By degrees the passage took on an aspect of greater ruin, and, turning a corner sharply, I saw daylight before me. I ran forward smartly. Was I indeed about to find a door to safety?

"On the brink of the cliff, I saw I indeed about to find a means of escape. I was, I knew, on the east side of the castle, the side which I had feared from the window of my turret chamber, and where, as far as I could then see, the walls of the castle rose sheer from the very edge of the precipice. The real and the gypsy encampments were to the west.

"I had been passing through a sort of tunnel, and the dismantled spaces on either side may once have been cellars. They had fallen into

absolute ruin, and were choked with debris, as, too, was the dark passage through which I was making my way. But I had seen that the tunnel gave access to the open air, and I sprang forward over broken bricks and masonry, inspired with new courage.

"There was a great roaring in my ears. My senses must have been strangely dulled that I had not noticed it before. It came, of course, from the waterfall which hurled itself into the valley on this side of the hill. In one night I had become so accustomed to the sound that I hardly appreciated its nearness till I reached the end of the tunnel and understood how I was circumvented.

"The passage ended abruptly on the face of the cliff. In my haste I had nearly blundered on and thrown myself into space. It was on the very edge that I drew myself back, horrified and appalled. There was a sheer descent of a couple of hundred feet before me. And immediately on the left the cascade thundered down in one great volume of water until it was broken by projecting rocks about midway to the valley. The mouth of the tunnel was practically behind a portion of the waterfall, so near that the passage seemed in danger of being flooded, yet so far that except for driving spray the ground was scarcely wetted.

"My hopes had been dashed to the ground. I had thought to find an exit from the castle and a path whereby I might have descended in safety to the foot of the hill. Instead I was confronted by a sheer precipice and a mighty torrent of water. I believe I fell on my knees and sobbed aloud in the very bitterness of my spirit.

"What could I do? Return by the route I had come or seek some other means of escape? It was very evident that there was no other way of reaching the castle but by the road the carriage had traveled the day before. All descent on this, the eastern side, seemed impossible, and probably there were no doors that did not open on the plateau where the gypsies were encamped. I was caught like a rat in a trap. I might crawl away into some recess of the ruins and wait until hunger drove me out, or I might yield myself up immediately and wait for what mercy might be shown me. I laughed hysterically at the thought, for I knew that Valenski would show me no mercy.

"After a while my senses became more collected, and I began to reason with myself. It was folly to abandon hope until hope was absolutely lost. At the worst I had a knife, and could sell my life dearly. I examined the mouth of the passage. As I have said, it opened abruptly on the sheer face of the cliff. Above it, as I could see by crawling to the edge and peering

Titled American Women as Angels of Mercy

They Are Proving Their Mettle as Wholehearted Workers in England, France and Italy.



The Marchioness of Dufferin, formerly Miss Flora Davis, of New York.

THE war has brought the maximum of sacrifice from the women of the Allied countries as well as from their men. In England the American women who married titles have given daily evidence of their devotion to the cause of freedom by their untiring care of the wounded. They have turned country homes into hospitals and worked with the Red Cross in all its activities. They are particularly happy in being able to do what they can for our boys invalided to England or on the way to the battle-front.



Lady Harcourt, cousin of J. P. Morgan, formerly Miss Mary Burns, of New York.

The Plotters

A SERIAL OF EAST AND WEST

Elizabeth Witnesses Signs of Hatred of Amos Chapin Betrayed by the Man Whose Dog He Killed.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XLII.

(Copyright, 1918, Star Company.)

PERHAPS, after all, Butler had not understood her question. Perhaps Clifford Chapin had intended to him that the girl whom he knew as "Lizzie Moore" was related to Douglas Wade.

This was the idea that grew upon Elizabeth as she thought over the situation by which she was confronted. Her wish was father to her thought.

For the more she let her mind linger on the confession she must make to Butler, the more she shrank from the ordeal.

At first she had feared that Clifford might tell him the truth. Now she wished that he had told it all to him. Then she would already know the worst.

Had she not cared for John Butler she would not have been so afraid of the consequence of her own and her brother's plot. Had her mind been clear enough for her to study her own reactions, she would have known that her fear was in direct ratio with her regard for Butler. But she did not analyze her feelings.

She determined to defer the dreaded issue long enough to ascertain just how matters stood. Amos Chapin waited late at the foot of the stairs late that afternoon.

"I see," he remarked, "that you got a letter from Douglas. I rather expected one from him myself. Did he say anything about having heard from me?"

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick," Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years from now."

"Yes," she looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."

from now than it is now. He either buy or get out."

"I understand," the girl rejoined.

More important matters.

Her dignified manner irritated instead of soothed her listener. "Well, then make the young doctor understand, too," he growled.

"Have you answered his letter yet?" "I have," she stammered.

"What did you say about my offer?" "I did not mention it." Her tone rang out clear and sharp. "I had other and more important things on my mind, Mr. Chapin."

The farmer glowered at her, started as if to speak, then thought better of it and went on upstairs without another word.

Going out on the veranda, the girl stood, her lips compressed, as she gazed out across the broad meadow lying between the house and the little lake in the hollow. How she loved the place—and just because she and Douglas were poor this man, this bully, had it in his power to take it away from them. Tears of chagrin came to her eyes.

Sulev Talak came shuffling up the path, and stopped short when he saw her. But he did not speak until she addressed him.

Elizabeth's own unhappiness made her suddenly sorry for this poor wretch. Since the death of his dog he had wandered about like an uneasy spirit.

"Good afternoon, Talak," she said impulsively, forgetting for the instant her fear of him—forgetting everything but his miserable appearance.

"Good afternoon," he muttered. "It's been a warm day," Elizabeth remarked. "It's hard to work in such weather."

"It's always hard to work for the boss here," Talak grumbled. "I hate him!"

A hatred of Chapin. His swift change of manner startled Elizabeth. The Pole's hands were clenched and his eyes glared menacingly. She wondered if his grief at the death of the dog or the heat of the day had not affected his befogged mind.

"Well, well," she soothed, "that's too bad. But we will hope that tomorrow will be cooler and the work seem easier."

"Not when that dog heart is here!" the man exclaimed. "That's what he call Nig—'beast'—damn him!"

His voice broke. Elizabeth was reminded suddenly of the day on which he had burst into passionate sobs at the death of his dog.

With a murmur of sympathy she turned back into the house. "He did not want to increase this poor creature's excitement."

As she entered the hall John Butler came out of the large parlor on the left of the hall. His room was always dark and cool and seldom occupied.

Elizabeth started as she saw Butler.

"I did not know you were there," she exclaimed.

"Yes," he said quietly, "I had a slight headache from the heat, so I went into the parlor, where it was cool, and lay down on the sofa for a few minutes. I must have fallen asleep, but I did not know I had done so until I heard Mr. Chapin speak to you out in the hall just now."

"Oh!" She caught her breath. "You were lying there then?" "Yes," he replied. "I was lying there then. I was about to make my presence known—as soon as I really awoke—but you went out upon the porch."

Then he had heard Chapin speak to her of her letter from Douglas! What must he think?

(To Be Continued.)

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

The only maritime country in Europe without a navy is Belgium.

An Englishman used to eat more butter than any man of any other nationality. His yearly average was thirteen pounds.

An American sewing machine company has opened eight schools in China, in which the natives are taught to embroider with silk by machinery.

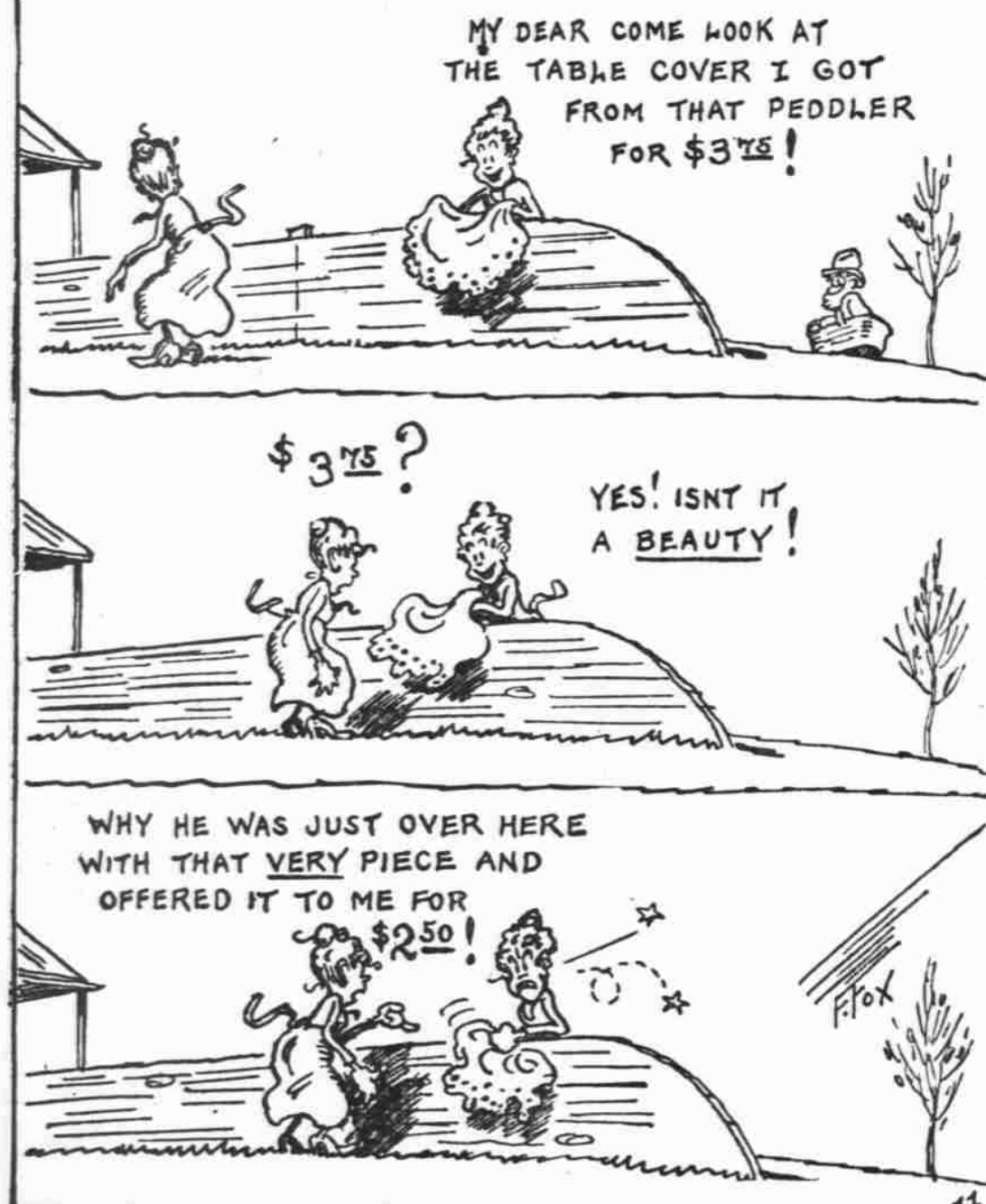
Water is sold by the ton at Pernambuco, Brazil. It is piped from springs eight miles out from the city, and is furnished to ships at about 75 cents a ton within the harbor.

Oysters Killed By Seaweed. Extensive ravages are often committed by seaweed spores in oyster beds in a very curious fashion. The weed grows on the shell of the oyster, and is of an oval shape, solid at first, and afterward filled with water. It often attains the size of a hen's egg, or even of a man's fist. Left uncovered by the tide, it splits and loses its water. This is replaced by air, which is imprisoned by the next rise of the tide. The seaweed now acts as a balloon, raises the oyster from the bottom and floats with it out to sea. Hundreds of thousands of oysters are thus lost.

All Used. Bilkins and his son Bobby were taking great armfuls of parcels to a little sister who was ill. As they neared the bedroom door the father said, forgetting momentarily that the youngster's arms were full, too, "Open the door, son," to which the youngster replied: "I can't papa. I'm all used."

It's a Shame the Way the Women Handle Each Other.

By FONTAINE FOX.



MY DEAR COME LOOK AT THE TABLE COVER I GOT FROM THAT PEDDLER FOR \$3.75!

\$3.75?

YES! ISN'T IT A BEAUTY!

WHY HE WAS JUST OVER HERE WITH THAT VERY PIECE AND OFFERED IT TO ME FOR \$2.50!

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
Claims He Gave Her a Ring.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen and have been engaged to a young man for the past month. Last time I was out with him he inquired why I did not wear his engagement ring. As he never gave me a ring, it is naturally impossible for me to wear it. He says he gave it to me the night of our engagement and seems very much hurt that I should say he did not. As I love him dearly I should like him to know the truth, but cannot make him understand I never received his ring. Please tell me what to do.

VICTIM OF A MISUNDERSTANDING.

I should weigh very carefully the question of marrying this young man, who appears to have been "not all there" when he fancied he gave you an engagement ring. Or, perhaps, he is sensitive in not being able to give you one and is trying to "bluff it out" with this absurd claim. It all sounds queer and "fishy" to me. Do you know anything about his people, what his record is, and how he stands with those associated with him in business? I should not be in too great a hurry to marry him.

Again the Difference in Age.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty and in love with a man of thirty-six. He has asked me to marry him, but I do not know what to answer. Will you be kind enough to advise me what to do? We both love each other very dearly, but I am afraid to marry a man so much older than myself. Do you think the age question is so very important?

UNDINE D.

If you both love each other very dearly, as you say, I do not see how a question of a few years appears to you in the light of an insuperable difficulty. Some of the happiest marriages have been where there has been a greater disparity of years than those you mention. The fact that you hesitate makes me question if you care for this man as deeply as you think. Suppose you take a little longer to think the question out.

Not Long Enough.

A soldier was waiting for the Muddlet train—the only one of the day. After he had waited for a reasonable length of time, then for an unreasonable ditto, the porter hove in sight.

"How long will I have to wait," Tommy asked, "for that bally train?"

"How long have you got?" asked the porter, with apparent irrelevance.

"Fourteen days,"

"Well," said the porter, "you'd better walk."